She is the only butterfly farmer in the United States. She invented the business herself, having found that the only way to get perfect specimens was to raise them in captivity.

$50 a Week Raising Butterflies

ACCORDING to the latest census there is only one butterfly farmer in this country—perhaps in the world. This one representative of what sounds to be a fascinating profession is Miss Ximena McGlashan of Truckee, California.

Problem of the Butterfly Hunter

SHE became a butterfly farmer without the slightest idea that she was inventing a new profession. She loved butterflies, and because the region about her father's home abounded with them she started out to catch some of the rarer varieties, having heard that good prices were paid for perfect specimens. She soon discovered that the difficulty was not to find the butterflies, even the most rare ones, but to capture them without injuring them. Confronted with this problem, which had been troubling butterfly hunters for years, she decided she would raise butterflies, and so get them without the use of the disfiguring net.

How She Feeds Them

INSTEAD of releasing battered and unsalable butterflies, she put them into boxes, barrels, large-mouthed jars, any suitable receptacle that came handy. By observing the plant on which the butterfly was feeding, or about which it was hovering when captured, she learned its food plant. In this way a captured butterfly was supplied with the food it wanted.

It is from the eggs that Miss McGlashan gets her perfect butterflies. Hatching them as tiny caterpillars, she tends them and gives them their favorite food until they attain their growth and envelop themselves in their cocoons. From these they cut their way out as perfect butterflies.

Talking about her stock, Miss McGlashan is as matter of fact as any chicken raiser or breeder of horses. "I have taken as many as 627 moths in a single night, sugaring the trees about my father's house," she states. "I have taken 100 larvæ from one bush by beating it, and have had more than 500 eggs to hatch in a day.

"Test tubes, securely corked, are excellent receptacles for eggs, because you must examine them every day. The eggs are of every conceivable shade and shape. During the winter they must be kept in cold storage, so that the larvæ will not hatch out until their food plant is on hand to feed them. The care of the caterpillars is about the most exacting part of my business. When the eggs have hatched, if you do not know what to feed the caterpillars, all you have to do is to insert a leaf of various sorts of grass or plants that grow in the neighborhood, until you find the one the little caterpillars like best.

A Growing Business

ALL larvæ grow by molting. Those of butterflies molt five or six times. When the larvæ spin cocoons or pupate in the ground you have further work with them, except to remove them carefully to the hatching boxes or barrels. These must be covered with fine gauze until the perfect moth or butterfly emerges from the pupa."

The first year that Miss McGlashan began her unique business she averaged fifty dollars a week during the fall and summer months, besides laying up in cold storage, which in her case was her father's cellar, a large number of eggs. This second year crop she disposed of to a wealthy collector in the East, and the price he paid is said to have been more than $3,000.

A Maker of Mobs

DO you want to use a mob? George R. White, who sits all day at his desk in a skyscraper office building on Broadway, will get one for you. It doesn't matter whether you want a little fifty-man mob or a mob of a thousand men, White will deliver it for you at the specified time and place.

Mr. White is not a strike breaker; nor is he a labor contractor. His mobs are for the moving-picture producers. Naturally these companies cannot keep on their payroll a thousand people whom they need only occasionally. Yet, when they are ready to make a picture demanding anywhere from fifty to a thousand or more people, they must have them without delay. Fifteen years ago Mr. White discovered this condition, and promptly proceeded to deal exclusively in "mobs."

Today he is the most successful maker of mobs in the world. If you have any doubts about it, call him up any afternoon before three o'clock, and by six the next morning your mob will be delivered at your place of business, awaiting orders. Moreover, you can have almost any nationality you wish,—Italians, Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, or Russian Jews.

A moving-picture company about to make a big film telephoned Mr. White one Monday, and asked him to have a mob of fifteen hundred Italians at Third avenue and 129th street the following morning at eight o'clock. This company was making a picture based on the career of the famous Italian patriot, Garibaldi, and the scene had to be filled with a surging mass of excited "Roman citizens." It was a hurry order, and put White's clockwork system to a rigid test. Upon receiving the order he pushed a button on his desk, and the corralling machine was in motion. A brisk young woman entered from the outer offices. Mr. White told her what was wanted. In five minutes she was in touch by telephone with one of White's nine lieutenants.

Each of these nine lieutenants is under the direct command of Mr. White. In every case they are men of the same nationality as the people among whom they work, and for that reason they know their haunts, their likes and dislikes, and the best way of gathering them together. All the people with whom the lieutenant deals are of the class of so-called unskilled labor. The lieutenant in question takes down the order, and a few seconds later is busy rounding up his regiment.

While the assistant was talking with the lieutenant, White got out a large ledger containing the names, descriptions, and addresses of over a thousand persons who have registered at his recruiting station. These are people of the unskilled class, who do not come under control of the lieutenants.

By one o'clock Mr. White got a report from his lieutenant, telling him that one thousand Italians would be ready for work by eight o'clock the next morning. Mr. White added to this number five hundred of his recruits. His mob of fifteen hundred men was "delivered" on time.

"I like to give those fellows on the bread line a chance," remarked Mr. White. "In most cases they are only too glad to get it; but you'd be surprised at the number of times I've been turned down by men there. You would think that two dollars earned by simply walking in front of a camera would sound good to them; but some of them are simply too indifferent or too lazy to want work. It sounds absurd, but it's true." It is quick work and efficient work; but it is the product of over fifteen years of gradual development until today it is a system as sensitive to the press of the little button on Mr. White's desk as is the buzzer at the other end of the wire. The men who make up the mobs have grown to have confidence in White and his assistants. They know that when he sends them out on a picture they are not going to run the possibility of standing around in the rain or hot sun all day, and ending by having the picture called off. They know that when they get a call from White, "the boss," it means a dollar and a half to two dollars, or three dollars, or what it may be.

He delivers mobs to order, but he is not a strike breaker.

The Biggest of Its Kind

The new Tunkhannock viaduct, near Scranton, Pennsylvania, the biggest thing of its kind ever built. It is nearly half a mile in length, and stands three hundred feet above bedrock. It is made of reinforced concrete, and will cost twelve million dollars.

"Being a well brought up young man, he felt that he must fly immediately from their agile presences."

The Heart Cure at Banning Farms

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

He was twenty-nine, and nobody understood him. And the more he was misunderstood, the happier he was—until — Read this brilliant short story by the author of "The House of a Thousand Candles." It has a new kind of plot and a new kind of hero.

MRS. KATE STUART LYBRAND had come to the breakfast table dressed for the street, and was deep in the morning mail when her son lounged in and bade her a mournful good morning.

"Well, Stuart, how are you this morning?" she asked, glancing at him absently over her eyeglasses, and then, without waiting for his reply, fixing her attention again upon the letter before her.

"Very well, thank you, Mother," he replied, with a sigh that belied his words; whereupon he sighed again and began pecking at a grapefruit.

This was a regular routine in the Lybrand household. Mrs. Lybrand was always down early, always ate a substantial breakfast, and was always absorbed in the large mail she received as president or chairman of the executive committees of leagues, associations, and societies without number that sought the common uplift. She had been a widow for twenty years. By shrewd investments she had doubled the fortune left by her husband. Her health had never given her the slightest concern, and she could preside over an obstreperous convention all day and appear fresh and vigorous at three receptions the same evening. All Chicago knew Mrs. Lybrand as a woman of spirit and action. Not only did the city for whose civic and moral advancement she had striven so long recognize her as an organizer of rare skill, but there were few American capitals in which she had not been seen, heard, and admired.

Stuart Lybrand was twenty-nine, and nobody understood him. His mother, blessed with a robust constitution and a buoyant outlook on life, did not understand him; did not indeed have the slightest conception of the pains, discomforts, and annoyances that had made him for five years the prey of doctors and a familiar figure in the most expensive sanatoriums on both sides of the Atlantic. Far from regretting his mother's lack of sympathy, Stuart derived from it the greatest pleasure. The more he was misunderstood the happier he was. He firmly believed that the moment his secret sufferings, his soul tortures, should be analyzed and labeled, that moment he would cease to interest himself, and nothing would remain for him but to drown himself in his bathtub and let his much occupied mother and unfeeling friends realize at last their cruel heartlessness.

Stuart had inherited a large interest in a prosperous bank, which he rarely visited. Between sanatoriums he studied his symptoms, cultivated the society of a few rheumatic elderly men at his club, and collected first editions. His mother smiled at the symptoms (her own doctor had inspected Stuart frequently and pronounced him as sound as prize corn), and she had no patience with gouty old men. And it is too much to expect a woman who revels in statistical reports and publishes pamphlets of her own to become emotional over dingy "firsts" so costly that a fireproof vault has to be built to hide them in.

MRS. LYBRAND scratched "yes" on an invitation to speak before a franchise league convention in Portland, Maine, and placed the letter on a pile to be delivered later to her secretary in the office she maintained in a skyscraper downtown. Stuart complained to the butler of the lumps in a new breakfast food he was trying. With a paper cutter thrust into a fresh letter, Mrs. Lybrand paused to listen to the colloquy. Stuart was constantly changing his morning gabulum, and it was not surprising that the cook failed occasionally to prepare it to his satisfaction.

The butler haughtily bore the rejected cereal back to the pantry, and told the cook that Stuart was getting crankier every day, which was true.

"Just make a memorandum of how you want that stuff cooked, Stuart, and I'll speak to Delia about it," Mrs. Lybrand observed. "Won't you let me order you a bit of broiled ham? I found it delicious."

Before his politely scornful thanks reached her she was absorbed in another letter telling of the splendid progress making by one of her "causes" in Rio Janeiro. That she should, in his low state of mind and health, suggest the eating of swine flesh, was further proof that she had no comprehension whatever of his misery. He drank a cup of hot water, nibbled a piece of toast with martyr-like resignation, and began opening his own mail,—half a dozen letters in undeniable feminine handwriting. His mother glanced at him several times as he read, and when he thrust the epistles into his pocket she remarked with her usual terseness:

"Stuart, I notice that you get a good many letters from Syracuse. You don't mean to tell me that Gordon woman is still pursuing you! The first thing you know some of these creatures you meet in sanatoriums will drag you to the altar and marry you in spite of yourself. For Heaven's sake, if you want to marry, don't choose a neurasthenic!"

He fidgeted and colored deeply, and his gaze shifted under his mother's scrutiny. On the platform, with the gavel in her hand, her eye was a cold one to encounter when persons antagonistic to her aims sought recognition, and Stuart resented being treated like a convention.

"Mrs. Gordon is not an invalid, Mother," he said rebukingly. "The death of her husband prostrated her; and when I met her at Edgefield she was only resting. You may read her letter if you like," he added, thrusting his hand into his breast pocket.

"Thanks. I don't care to read your letters. I haven't anything against the woman. All I know is what I heard from some Syracuse people I met in Minneapolis at the Woman's Civic League Convention. They said her husband didn't leave her anything, and she's looking for a good catch. And you're just the least bit susceptible, Stuart. These pretty invalids that are always posing around sanatoriums are dangerous acquaintances for one of your temperament."

She ignored his protests and turned

over the pages of a large red-leather notebook till she came upon this item, "Stuart—health—Isabel," against which she placed a cryptic check-mark.

"I've been thinking over your case, Stuart, and something's got to be done about it," she said decisively, as though now that the matter had become the subject of a memorandum it was a part of the day's work, to be disposed of and dismissed. "That California place you went to last didn't do you any good. Where was it you said you were going next?"

It had not been a California resort but a sanatorium in the Ozarks that had last enjoyed his patronage. His mother's failure to remember was further proof of her complete lack of comprehension and sympathy. Mrs. Lybrand had not, in fact, forgotten. She never forgot anything. This was only her fashion of dealing with matters she considered unimportant.

"I was thinking of Banning Farms, that new place in Connecticut. I just now had a letter from the superintendent. I think I'll run down there for a couple of weeks. I couldn't sleep last night—my pulse ran up to 118, and I had that queer numbness in the left side of my face."

She ignored his symptoms, referred to her datebook, and suggested that they could travel together as far as New York; she had a convention there three days later. "I'm convinced that your inactive life is responsible for your difficulties. If you once had a good stirring up, you'd feel like a live human being."

"I had a good shaking up when you dragged me over Europe two years ago and I got pneumonia," he replied testily.

"Don't be foolish, Stuart. You hadn't pneumonia any more than you had smallpox; it was a mild tonsilitis—at worst."

Discussion of the nature of the malady with which he had been seized when coaching through the Trossachs would not be profitable. They had debated it frequently. She scratched a line in her memorandum book, "Wire for appointment with Isabel," and bade him ring for the machine.

He put her into her car and settled himself to sulk in the library. His mother was very unfair to Fanny Gordon, whose letter, which had fallen under the keen maternal eye, announced that she too was considering a flight to Banning Farms. He sighed, thrust a clinical thermometer into his mouth, assured himself that his pulse was dropping one beat in ten, swallowed a tablet, and began studying book-fanciers' catalogues.

"IT is good of you to come," said Mrs. Gordon, extending her hand languidly from her invalid chair on the broad veranda of Banning Farms.

She was beyond question a pretty woman, with light, fluffy hair and big, appealing violet eyes. She had mastered all the arts of graceful invalidism. Her filmy boudoir cap with its lilac ribbons, and even the lilac blanket in which she was wrapped to protect her from the May breezes, had been chosen with an eye to effect.

"You seem much better than when I saw you last," he remarked, as a hovering nurse placed a wind-chair for him and threw a blanket over his shoulders.

"Oh, I am better, and—your coming—" The violet eyes finished the sentence with practised eloquence. "We must have some walks—but no," she corrected herself hastily, "I can see that you are not up to that. I can't allow you to overtax yourself. We must wait till you've pulled yourself together a bit."

"I came, you know, largely because you were to be here," he said intensely.

"If you had failed me!" she sighed expressively. "I don't know a soul, and I should have died here."

"Nor I! And I don't want to meet anyone. It's detachment—complete detachment—that I need. And you *will* be nice to me, won't you?"

Her eyes answered that this was the most absurd of questions. She brought the conversation back to his own misery. He must try a new electric bath—for which Banning Farms had purchased the exclusive American rights from an eminent German nerve specialist.

"I'm sorry to see you so run down. I'm afraid you have been overdoing," she said in her low, melancholy voice. "Oh, you American men!" She sighed helplessly.

As he had done nothing since his last sanatorium but acquire a few first editions of dubious value, her sympathy was a trifle exaggerated; but he accepted it gratefully. It was as balm to his soul. If no one else understood him, this adorable woman, herself a sufferer, knew just the comforting anodynes to apply to his tortured spirit.

The nurse warned him that the hour had arrived for his static, and he left her after receiving a reassuring pressure from the slenderest and whitest of hands.

SHE had promised to come down for dinner, and he was lounging in the office with his eye on the elevator, talking to a woman who insisted on acquainting him with the state of her arteries, when the superintendent's secretary, who was otherwise a promoter of social relations, asked if he might introduce him to some patients who had just arrived. Stuart was bored at the thought of it; but the secretary ignored his reluctance, and he followed with the depressed air and languid step he had cultivated.

"Miss Crosby, Miss Walling, Miss Harkness, Miss Sanderson."

Stuart's spirits rose as he found himself confronting four bright-eyed, smiling young women and not familiar sanatorium Types. Still, he must be on guard. The fact that Banning Farms boasted a social secretary was in itself depressing. It hadn't been mentioned in the prospectus. Possibly these newcomers concealed tiresome mothers, and these introductions were preliminary to overtures for bridge with dingy and uninteresting parents; and he hated bridge. But these girls did not simper, and their clothes were from city shops. Stuart Lybrand was, as his mother had intimated, not without his susceptibilities, and the decorative value of four undeniably pretty girls—girls who did not say "Yes, Sir," or stand on one foot when spoken to, was not lost upon him.

"Please tell us, Mr. Lybrand, are all these people going to die?" asked Miss Walling, who had fluffy light hair, and blue eyes of beguiling innocence.

"Er—well, let's hope not yet," he replied with a wan smile. "But of course there are some very, very sick people here," he added as though remembering that he must defend the dignity of the institution as a refuge for dying humanity.

"We've all been awfully sick," said Miss Sanderson, whose bronze-brown eyes he noted as worthy of further study.

"They really have," Miss Crosby affirmed. "There was an epidemic of scarlet fever in their school, and I've come up to play with them while they put the edge on their convalescence."

A shadow of fear crossed Stuart's face. Miss Crosby laughed merrily.

"Oh, there's not a particle of danger. They were out of quarantine a month ago, and have been at their homes till the doctor sent them for a run in the country."

MRS. GORDON crossed the room with a nurse trailing after her bearing cushions, the lilac blanket, and the half-read novel that someone is always carrying around in sanatoriums.

"Is that one of the bad cases?" asked Miss Walling, following Stuart's gaze.

"Yes, a very sad case," he replied hastily, planning his escape. "She's a Mrs. Gordon—very nice. To look at her you'd never imagine the suffering she's endured."

"I certainly shouldn't," remarked Miss Harkness. "I don't care much for that gown; do you, Ethel?"

Ethel Sanderson said she did not care much for it: a blasphemous utterance that caused Stuart to frown. However, Miss Crosby, after a careless glance at the retreating figure, remarked gently that one couldn't always tell: that people with incurable maladies often faced the world bravely.

"Yes—yes," exclaimed Stuart gratefully. "That's quite true. I've been doing this sort of thing for five long years," this with a gesture and sigh of despair, "and I've seen the most heartbreaking courage."

The three girls murmured their awe of his wide experience of suffering mankind.

"But they promise the panacea here: you have but to come to be cured!" said Miss Crosby cheerfully. Then, seeing that the hope of speedy restoration awakened no response in him, she made haste to add, "But of course there *are* cases that are quite hopeless, I suppose."

"Yes—yes!" he muttered lugubriously.

"Oh, we've been keeping you standing! Sha'n't I bring you a chair?"

"No, thanks," he gulped, alarmed at the thought of further detention. "It's a pleasure to know that you're all convalescents. I envy you! They—or—put me to bed early. I must run along."

He included them all in the deliberate bow of one who must be wary of undue exertion. Miss Crosby observed, however, that his step quickened as he crossed the threshold.

At nine o'clock, as the quartet returned from a walk through the grounds, they caught a glimpse of Stuart and Mrs. Gordon, their heads close together, in a dark corner of the veranda.

THE next morning Stuart successfully dodged a bridge game and sent a box of violets to Mrs. Gordon, imploring her to brighten the world for him by appearing at once. He became bitter at learning that she was having a massage and would not be down until after lunch. Verily the world was against him. To add to his unhappiness the superintendent, after studying his case for two days, assured him that all he needed was exercise and fresh air to set him up again. His heart was perfectly normal: the trouble was all in his stomach.

This was discouraging, as was also the cool fashion in which the unfeeling physician told him to discontinue the medicine he had brought with him. If he would walk ten miles a day, he could eat tripe and cabbage and be a happy man. Stuart hated cheerful doctors. He had known a number, and they were all bad diagnosticians. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Gordon's propinquity, he would have packed his trunk and left at once.

SUDDENLY, as he gazed gloomily out upon the sunny hills, his name was spoken in hopeful tones, and he turned fretfully, to find Miss Crosby and her three convalescents ranged before him, clad in blue sailor suits that enhanced their youthfulness. Even Miss Crosby seemed much younger than on the previous evening.

"Please, Mr. Lybrand," said Miss Walling, who lisped charmingly, "will you go walking with us?"

"We're teasing you to come!" added Miss Sanderson.

"We shall sit in our rooms and cry if you won't!" Miss Harkness contributed.

They clasped their hands beseechingly. It seemed that a walk with him was the one thing in all the world that would fill their day with delight.

"Really now, this is mighty nice of you," he began; "but—"

"We sha'n't go far—really we sha'n't," they chorused.

"Of course we don't want to be a bother," said Miss Crosby in the tone of one prepared for disappointment.

"Oh, please don't think it's *that!*"

On the whole he was pleased, and his face showed his pleasure. It might be hours before Mrs. Gordon showed herself, and next to her these girls were undeniably the most attractive specimens of the human race on the premises.

"I hesitate only because it seems cruel for a tottering wreck like me to attach himself to—or— Besides I have a treatment at eleven. Every other thing having failed, they're going to try a new electric machine on me—a last hope!"

What the doctor had said was that he might try the new electrical device if he liked; that it wouldn't do him any harm, but that he needn't expect any magical results from it. However, Mrs. Gordon had recommended it, and it would be rank disloyalty for him to neglect it. But it is not easy to deny the request of four such girls as no other sanatorium had ever offered,—friendly girls, whose eyes danced with life and fun.

HE went for his hat, stick, and overcoat, and before he knew it he had walked a mile. First one and then another of his new acquaintances walked beside him. He found that he had known Ethel Sanderson's brother in college, and that fact brought them instantly to a friendly basis. Mabel Walling was the daughter of a well known New York surgeon. Geraldine Harkness interested him in an account of a camping trip she had taken the previous year through the Maine woods. He was in a glow from his unwonted exercise, and the bronze-eyed Ethel was carrying his overcoat when he realized that he had covered two miles and knew the first names of the trio. This would never do! He stopped suddenly with a start, and clapped his hand to his heart.

"Are you ill?" they cried solicitously.

"Oh no, nothing," he said, swallowing; "that is, nothing unusual."

He sat on the stone wall beside the road, and they gathered about him in a protecting semicircle. It was a new and stimulating experience to be ministered to by four such radiant young beings.

"My heart's jumping like a rabbit," Ethel confessed. "But of course a heart always works harder when you're walking."

Geraldine suggested that they all count their heartbeats, write the figures on the wall, and strike an average. This proved to be seventy-nine, with Stuart's report of eighty-two thrown in.

"Wouldn't it be funny—" Ethel began.

"What would be funny?" chimed the others.

"Oh, I was just thinking that somebody could make a grand story of this. Suppose a lot of girls were in love with Mr. Lybrand,—or anyone,—and wrote their pulses down like this, and he chose the one whose heart thumped the fastest as the one he cared most about."

"That's mean of you," said Geraldine indignantly, "and almost undelicate, when you know you were three beats higher than the rest of us!"

A competition for his affections based on his stimulating effect upon their respective pulses evoked the greatest merriment, and he laughed himself into reckless humor. He jumped down, and then made another mile in a glow of good spirits, Miss Crosby walking beside him with the fine stride of a woman used to tramping. He caught her scrutinizing him closely from time to time. Once when the trio sprang away for a run she asked whether they hadn't better turn back. He scorned the idea indignantly. The three raced back to say that they had negotiated for milk and bread and butter at a farmhouse. He was ashamed of his weakness in drinking two glasses of milk and eating three slices of buttered bread, assuring them that such a thing had never happened before.

THEY reached the sanatorium at one o'clock, just in time for luncheon.

"It would be fine," said Geraldine, "if Mr. Lybrand would move to our table."

Miss Crosby added her own plea that he should make the change. His place, already assigned, was beside Mrs. Gordon; but as she rarely came down for meals she could hardly take offense if he moved. Not only was the change effected, but when they went in he found that they had arranged for a table for five for the rest of their stay. It was flattering to be the object of so much attention. He liked it, and liked their good-comradeship and light-hearted raillery.

During luncheon he thought Miss Crosby, who faced him, watched him narrowly, and as they left the room she suggested that he ought to take a nap.

"There's nothing like it to set one up after a long walk. I imagine that you are rather more than you're used to."

Her manner, pleasantly authoritative

with a touch of sympathy, encouraged a hope that she might understand him. He thanked her, thanked them all cordially, and went to his room and slept two hours.

DRESSING hastily, he went down, to meet the rebuking eyes of Mrs. Gordon, who had made herself unusually lovely for their afternoon together. He was very contrite over his neglect. He had taken a walk, and it had greatly fatigued him, he explained. The stupid secretary had introduced him to some schoolgirls, and they had dragged him off in spite of himself.

"They were duly chaperoned by an older woman," he added guiltily.

To dismiss Miss Crosby as an older woman was slightly disingenuous; but Mrs. Gordon was not thinking of ages.

"Oh," she exclaimed softly, "please don't think—" she bit her lip and looked away.

"Think what?" he asked tremulously.

"Oh—that I wouldn't trust you," she said, and met his gaze with a thrilling glance.

She had given him an opening of which he might have taken advantage the next instant; but as they were staring soulfully into each other's eyes Ethel came out, and after bestowing a nod and smile upon him found a seat nearby and became absorbed in a magazine.

There was no reason whatever why she shouldn't make herself at home wherever she pleased; but her presence clearly annoyed Mrs. Gordon. Ethel of the bronze-brown eyes was deep in her reading, and her back was turned, and yet by a nice calculation Mrs. Gordon decided that the girl was within earshot. She suggested that they move to the north end of the veranda, remarking for Ethel's benefit that it was cooler there. As they approached the spot she had in mind, there, established in a hammock, lay Miss Crosby, with a portfolio in her lap, busily writing. She raised her eyes absently and nodded to Stuart.

Mrs. Gordon's chin lifted perceptibly. She complained in an injured tone that he seemed to have been making a good many friends, and led him out upon the lawn. She was very weak and could not walk far, she said, and indicated a bench under an elm at the edge of the deserted tennis court as a desirable goal.

Stuart brought cushions, and they were comfortably settling themselves when Miss Harkness and Miss Walling strolled out with their rackets tucked under their arms, and engaged spiritedly in highly sophisticated tennis. They had greeted Stuart with the smile of familiar acquaintance, a fact not lost upon Mrs. Gordon, and to add to her vexation Stuart did not disguise his pleasure in their expertness, even to the point of crying out a bravo at brilliant plays.

"The ground is damp," said Mrs. Gordon when this became unbearable. "I shall catch my death of cold if I stay here."

Stuart was perfectly satisfied with the place, and saw no reason for leaving. And besides it was absurd to move again just because the courts were occupied, and thus publish the fact that they were seeking seclusion. Appearances counted for a great deal with Stuart.

They climbed the steps again, passing close to the seemingly unconscious Ethel. Miss Crosby still plied her fountain pen in the hammock. Mrs. Gordon pleaded a headache, and Stuart received only the most grudging smile as the elevator bore her from sight.

WHEN he turned round Miss Crosby was dropping her letters into the office box. He detained her for a moment for the pleasure of hearing her voice, which had struck him as particularly agreeable, and her laugh was as delightful as her voice. She did not ask him whether he had experienced any ill effects from his walk, or refer to his health in any way. This grieved him slightly; but her fine eyes were not unsympathetic. He resolved to tell her at the earliest moment of all he had been obliged to suffer.

At five o'clock he walked reluctantly to the gymnasium, where the hard-hearted superintendent had suggested that he pull weights and swing clubs for half an hour daily.

On the threshold he paused aghast. Miss Crosby and her three charges, the sole occupants of the long room, were variously occupied in performing the most astonishing and bewildering feats. Miss Crosby herself was nimbly climbing a rope; Mabel and Geraldine were executing cartwheels with the greatest ease; Ethel of the bronze-brown eyes, perched on a horizontal bar, noted his entrance immediately, and piped a cheery welcome.

Being a well brought up young man, he was embarrassed, and felt that he must profit immediately from these agile presently immediately from these agile presently immediately from these agile presently

How I Saw Men Behave Under Fire

By
ARTHUR GLEASON

NEVER before in the history of the world has such a test of human courage been devised as that of modern artillery fire. How do men stand up under it? Who are the cowards? And what is the hardest thing that the modern fighting man has to bear? In this article Arthur Gleason answers these questions with some wonderful stories of individual cases. Since last September he has been with the Munro Ambulance, which has worked under heavier fire than any other ambulance in the war.

WHEN this article appears more men will be falling on the field of battle dead and wounded than at any other moment in the world's history. There has never been devised such a test of courage as that of modern artillery fire.

The moaning of the shell, the roar of its explosion, the crumbling of the house a few yards away, the brick dust and dirt shooting up in smoke like the plume of a geyser, the pieces of hot metal pattering on cobbles and on the walls of houses,—these assail the senses as no hand-to-hand clash of the ancient world ever did. Machine guns, shell fire, and shrapnel are accurate and all-inclusive. They sweep a tract clear. I have seen villages of Flanders where no house was left untouched. I have seen fields like a pock-marked face, pitted by high explosives on every rod of their acreage. It is a close-woven net of death that the guns throw out over an entire area. Few can pass in under and then be fortunate enough to slip through that mesh.

One afternoon I saw a little group of men go into Dixmude when the town was being shelled to the ground. They were Red Cross workers. They went in to get some wounded, who lay in the center of the fire, in the cellar of the Hotel de Ville. Those few minutes under an unceasing fire of shells put a flashlight into the consciousness of the little group at work on the wounded.

One Who Lost His Nerve

ONE famous war correspondent, with the ribbons of a half-dozen decorations from other wars fluttering on his chest, stood helpless by the ambulance. He lost the color from his face. He trembled. He said, "It is time to go. Why don't we get out of this?" He was unable to give a hand to the wounded.

Dr. Hector Munro became a dreamer. His blue eyes filmed over, as if he were in a trance. The shattering glass, the dead bodies, and the recurring roar of the shells that were very close, some of them striking the Hotel de Ville where he worked,—all this outer horror was very far away from him. He carried out the wounded, strapped them into the motor, went back to the dead and dying. He worked like an automaton, efficiently, without waste motion.

Lieutenant Robert de Broqueville, son of the Prime Minister of Belgium, was a man in a glory. He was as happy and excited as a boy at a baseball game. Danger touched him with joy. He charged in and out of the cellar where the wounded were huddled, lifted, ran out with his loads, called to us cheerily, and finally ran down a street that was in ruins, because some wounded men were reported yonder. He did not reappear for some hours. He came with his wounded.

Our Gallant Boy Driver

SMITH, the London boy driver, whose salary is two pounds a week, was as calm and silent as he is at mealtime. He carried stretchers, arranged blankets, buckled straps, and ran his car with the same slightly bored expression on his face.

"There comes one," he said as a slow, spent obus sailed by him and buried itself in the yellow brick of the Hotel de Ville. In his spare moments he hunted for fragments of shell, and pocketed them for souvenirs of the afternoon. His search was as slow and careful as that of a child picking up shells of another sort on the seashore. I shall not forget his stooping figure as he reached around for keepsakes among the litter of the Grand Place, or his level voice as he shoved in a stretcher and asked me "All right in there?" He drove with such care when the man inside was in pain from the motion! He had no thought of himself. It would have surprised him to learn that his strength was good to be with. He is the bravest man I met, among many brave.

There was another youthful driver, a lad of seventeen years. He had been reared delicately. He was fat and immature. Most of his vitality had gone to growth. We had crossed the Channel together, and he had asked me many curious questions of what it was like to be under fire. This day in Dixmude was his initiation. It was overwhelm and violent; but he stood his ground because of the English in him.

"This is a real fight, isn't it?" he said. I assured him that it was.

"This is pretty hot, isn't it?" he asked a moment after.

I told him that it was damned hot.

All this was immensely comforting to him; for it meant the inner torment was justified. Any sane person under fire has a desire to run away, and this boy wanted to be told that it was worth while to stick around. He stayed, and brought out a carload of wounded. He was sick at his stomach for many hours after he got back to safety, and then developed an attack of grippe. The point of it is not that he was ill later on, but that he held himself together while there was work to be done.

Did Not Duck the Shells

I SAW Smith at work on another day. He is slight of build, and looks like one of the city's weaklings, who would break under strain; high shoulders and angular hitch in his walk, a man who talks in monosyllables.

"Go into Dixmude to the house beyond the Caeskerke Station, and bring the wounded," the Corporal ordered him.

Smith cranked up his engine, and traveled down the road to Dixmude. He drove to the inn where the Senghese were stationed. It was the intermittent target of German shells. The front of it was blackened with explosives. The panes of glass were shattered out of the windows. The high car with its brown canvas covering was a fair mark in the clear morning light. Cool and expert, he turned his car, and brought it to a standstill in the middle of the road. A battery of four German guns sent four small obus just over his car. They struck the wall of the deserted house opposite. The black men standing outside the inn flattened themselves against the wall. A couple of them ran inside. Two wounded men, each of them with an arm wound, ran to the ambulance and climbed inside.

Fifty feet away, from the yard of the inn, a strange figure came slowly. It was a Senegalese with his foot shot away. He came on his hands and knees. Again the battery of four guns fired, and the whistle of the shots was audible for a second of time before they cut overhead into the house opposite. Smith did not duck his head. He stood by his car waiting for the trailing black man to come. There are lots of men who would have gone out of that accurate fire with the two wounded men.

It was a dreary wait for the third man scratching along over the ground. Two more shells came past, and the negro arrived at the step. Smith lifted him in and brought the three back to safety.

Some Brave German Officers

OF battle gallantry I saw several instances. At a skirmish at Melle between Germans and Belgians I saw a German hussar ride out of a wood one thousand yards beyond his own lines. I happened to be standing in the road where he emerged. He came out of the trees as silently as an Indian. He was entirely cool, unhurried; only his eyes were alert.

If the Belgians were still in possession of the road, they would shoot him down. But his men would hear the volley, and would not advance. If the Belgians had retired, then his men could come on safely. He was taking all the chances, in order to save an ambuscade of his men. But there wasn't a tremor in him. The Belgians had retired: so he smiled at us, and rode farther down the road, to gain as much ground as possible.

My wife and I were in the village of Zele when a band of twenty Uhlans rode in. The three officers had their pistols drawn. Their faces were set and stern. Their men were laughing. One of them talked with us about New York. A few hundred yards beyond them, just over the railroad tracks on the road to Ghent, there was a red brick house sheltering a dozen Belgian soldiers. Behind a cover of bushes there were fifty more. At the turn of the road, a quarter-mile away, there were many hundred Belgians, and at the corner a machine gun.

It was the job of the Uhlans to learn if the village itself was a cover for troops. If it was, they would be wiped out; but their main body of troops would remain back and not be ambuscaded. It was even chances that the Belgians down the road would rake them down with rifle and machine gun. The Uhlans inspected the village, and then sent word for their troops to enter. It is for pieces of utter daring like this that the Iron Cross is given. The death rate of Uhlans is high.

Dying, He Smoked Cigarettes

RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, the English naturalist, and I were present at a skirmish in Aalst, where the Belgians had made a barricade across a narrow street. They used a market-garden cart, sods of earth, and bags of fish. As the shrapnel pattered around them I saw one and another laugh, and then, as I caught his eye, spit, as if he were spitting out a piece of the bullet. That humorous defiance is rather characteristic of the well-trained soldier.

I saw a Belgian physician, Dr. Van den Ghinst, when a shell fell and exploded a hundred feet in front of him. He stopped an instant to let the air clear, and then walked on past the place. "That is nothing at all," he said. "They come all the time." They did, where he worked.

That is the active phase of courage. There is another, the long-suffering courage that endures grimly. That too we have seen. We have brought in three thousand wounded men. I had an English boy, who had his bicep muscle shot away in the battle of Ypres. He had lain for thirty hours, with only a rude first dressing of antiseptic and bandage. All the color had gone out of his face. He fainted twice on my shoulder. He did not groan nor complain. Once, in a hoarse whisper, he asked for water.

Mrs. Knocker and I brought up from Dover to London a Belgian soldier who was dying. Not a moan came out of him. I lighted his cigarettes for him, and he always smiled his gratitude. Many times I have prepared smokes for men with the arm gone. There is always a humorous smile from the wounded man at his own helplessness. He regards the attention as a rather good joke on himself.

At Nieuport one evening a boy ran toward me sobbing, and holding up his high his right arm. The index finger had been shot away clean to the butt. His face was wet and shiny in the lantern light with the tears of a child. We told him it was nothing. "C'est rien." We told him that other men were wounded more grievously. He calmed himself at once. He had got himself out of perspective for the moment.

Courage of the Wounded

WHEN the fighting broke out in sudden angry spurts our cars were loaded with bleeding soldiers. On busy days we carried an average of thirty men. These men were brought to the base hospital of our motor ambulances from the trenches, barricade, wood, house, dressing station, and roadside. They would have lain wounded for a length of time varying from one hour to twelve hours. Some of them died on the trip in. One of our drivers, fresh from London, on his first trip put in three grievously wounded men at the front, and took out three dead men at the hospital. Many of our passengers suffered much pain.

I remember a Belgian officer with a shattered arm. Every swerve of the car's balance was a hurt to him.

"Oh, go slower, if you please!" he would say. "I beg you, Sir, to stop a moment!"

Never once on the ten-mile drive did he forget to speak with courtesy, in spite of his fever and pain.

We brought in a man whose face had been tapped by a shell, so that the veins had to be bound. He lay unmurmuring. Only he kept picking at the bandages, because of the itching of the wounds. I set on his arms, or he would have plucked away the bandages and bled to death.

I saw eleven civilians, men, women, and children, in the hospital at Wetteren. They each had bayonet wounds in their bodies. They lay without groaning. One of them wept as he told me how they had been marched in front of troops. When they fell on their faces to escape the rifle fire the soldiers had prodded them with bayonets to make them stand again.

I went to each of the eleven. One was a girl of twelve years, with light hair. Her bank was laid open to the bone. One was a woman, white-haired and wrinkled, perhaps eighty years old. She had a bayonet thrust through her left thigh. They all seemed patient as they lay there. We all, a little group of men, came out crying and swearing.

Who Was Marie Dupont?

By

ADELE LUEHRMANN

CHAPTER IV (Continued)

"Oh, don't you dance, Mr. Gavock?" Miss Lowther asked, settling herself and arranging her flowers effectively.

"My dear young lady! Dance at my age?"

Her blue eyes widened as with huge surprise. "But you're not old!"

He knew it was blatant flattery and nothing else, but for the life of him he couldn't help liking it. He smiled, half at her, half at his own acknowledged weakness.

"You must learn," she said.

"Please tempt me!"

She smiled, her eyes narrowed, straight into his eyes. "Did you like my dancing?"

"I was charmed," he said.

"I'm so glad!" she murmured fervently. "I've worked so hard—oh, terribly hard! And I'm so ambitious. I want to do something quite wonderful some day, something different. I want—" She broke off, and releasing her hold on her roses clasped her hands on her breast and leaned toward him. "I want to be the greatest dancer in the world!"

"Well, well! That's rather a big order, isn't it?" he asked.

"Is it?" She seemed to consider. Then she sighed. "Perhaps it is," she admitted with a slow shrug; "but I am as I am! I can't want anything less than the best. I'm that way in everything,—books, pictures, people—men." At the final word her eyes dropped to her flowers. "To a man who realized my ideal I would give anything—everything!"

Gavock frowned in quick distaste. Really she was too obvious. He could not resist remarking dryly, "But if you are to be the greatest dancer in the world, you can't afford to give either time or thought to mere men."

She sighed prettily, and raised her roses close to her face. Only a veiled half-glance reached him. "That's woman's eternal struggle, isn't it,—the struggle between art and—and love?" When he said nothing she suddenly changed her manner. Dropping her flowers into her lap again, she looked up at him, smiling frankly. "Of course I was speaking of my great ambition, my life aim; but after all life is made up of little things, and each day brings its own small wishes and desires. For instance, tonight my immediate ambition is to have supper with a man so rich that I sha'n't have to look at the right-hand column of the menu before I look at the left."

Gavock laughed out heartily. She was charming when she was like that, natural and girlish. "Dear, dear!" he said. "You are a mercenary young person!"

"Am I?" She turned her glance away, and her mouth suddenly hardened. "I'm a very hungry one," she said.

Her tone was so serious that, startled, Gavock shot a sharp look at her. She stared before her, no hint of jesting in her face. He felt utterly at a loss how to take her, and she seemed indisposed to help him. Presently he spoke, feeling that the words were being literally dragged out of him.

"Will you honor me by taking supper with me?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" she cried, turning wide blue eyes upon him in shocked protest. "Please don't think I was hinting for an invitation! Of course I'd love to accept if—if you really want me."

She gave him a wistful glance and looked away. She was acting again, he perceived. He was conscious of a sudden distaste, almost disgust of her.

"Then that's settled," he said simply.

THE music starting at that instant for the following number on the program cut short the conversation. The next moment Gavock had forgotten his companion; for Amarinth and his dancing partner had appeared on the stage, sweeping in on the full swing of the melody.

Gavock leaned forward in his seat, every muscle tense. Around him he was sensitively aware of a startled rustling, then a gasping silence. The girl was indeed a vision of arresting loveliness. If in the dressing room, surrounded by other types of youthful beauty, she had shone supreme, here, with Amarinth's black-clothed form as a foil, behind the glare of the footlights, and with all the exaggeration that the stage itself lends, Marie Dupont seemed an exotic creature in her flamelike gown, a strange presence with a radiance that dazzled and allured.

Gavock's eyes followed her face as it offered itself to his view from an ever changing angle; now the pure profile, again only the curve of a cheek and black crown of hair, and again, above the rim of Amarinth's shoulder, the full face.

It was for the full face that he now began to watch eagerly. He had been so sure that another sight of it would recall to his mind the time and place that he had seen it first! But the memory still eluded him; though he had a sense of its being nearer than before. One more look at the eyes, and he'd have it! That was his feeling; but again and again the chance came and brought him nothing.

Forgetful of his surroundings, he vented his disappointment in a sharp exclamation of impatience. The girl at his side turned to him quickly. He felt the movement, and involuntarily glanced at her.

"Don't you like it?" he heard her say. But he did not at once seize her meaning; in his absorption in the dancer he had not noticed the dance. As he stupidly stared in momentary bewilderment his attention was caught by the sharp contrast between the face before him and the one his eyes had just left. Here was hard, cold perfection, there small faults of outline were suffused and lost in the glow of an ardent spirit.

When the sense of Miss Lowther's question reached him he parried, "Do you?"

She smiled back narrowly. "I asked first."

"What do you call the dance?"

"The program calls it '*Fantaisie de la Russie*.' Madame Adrienne arranged it. It's a combination of various figures from Russian ballets. Of course Mr. Amarinth is little more than a lay figure; it is virtually a solo for Miss Dupont."

SHE was right about that, Gavock presently decided. The part his young friend played was chiefly that of target for the *pas seuls* of his charming partner. Some of these were executed with his arm supporting her, others as she whirled about him, others with him standing on one side as a mere spectator.

To do nothing before an audience is not easy, and Gavock observed with satisfaction that Guy accomplished it gracefully. Indeed, he seemed unconscious of himself, wholly absorbed in the movements of his partner, alert in his emptiest moments for her return to his embrace.

"He's mad about her," Miss Lowther remarked, as if divining Gavock's thought. "Do you like her dancing?"

"It's very good, isn't it?" Gavock replied. "To me it seems amazingly good."

"You are right, Mr. Gavock, it is—amazing!"

The word was spoken with such significant emphasis that Gavock turned a startled look

"An expectant hush fell on the room."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

ROGER GAVOCK has just returned to New York after twenty years' absence. He is strolling down Fifth avenue, when he is suddenly jostled against a young woman who is getting into her limousine. He instinctively utters a French word of apology, and she answers in French. But as he goes on in the same language to deprecate the damage he has done to her gown she tells him that she does not understand French. Gavock is certain that he has seen the girl somewhere before.

That same evening he calls on Guy Amarinth, the son of an old friend, and casually relates the curious incident. The young man declares that the girl was probably lying because she did not wish Gavock to identify her; that she was concealing any French associations because of some shameful secret connected with them. Gavock declares that in such a case she would have nothing to fear from him; that if she were married to his own brother he would be cheerfully silent a woman's secret. Amarinth disagrees with him.

He is going to a dance where he expects to meet the girl whom he hopes to marry,—Marie Dupont. He shows Gavock her portrait and Gavock recognizes the woman they have been discussing. He does not betray his recognition, but he decides to accompany Amarinth to the dance.

This is Miss Edith Mortimer, one of the young bathers at Palm Beach who can afford to wear daring and picturesque bathing costumes. She is a fearless swimmer and horsewoman, and comes of a sport-loving family. Her father was the crack steeplechase driver of his day.

She plays polo better than most men; she has been the winning whip in many horse shows; she can swim four miles at a stretch, and tramp over sixty miles in a day. Once at a house party her hostess discovered her in the gymnasium, boxing with her maid. Miss Eleanor Sears is easily the most picturesque young woman in America. With her immense fortune, her good looks, her unconventional behaviour, her daring remarks which are quoted in every newspaper in the country, she stands out as one of the interesting, vital figures in our society today.

The most interesting thing about [illegible] clothing excels by the brilliance [illegible] with which it can be refined. [illegible] wolf hound, is Jean St. Cyr; the [illegible]

Harold Grant Wing taking his little son into the surf at Palm Beach.

Photos copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Here a[illegible] with M[illegible]

Next wee[illegible]
"Summer Fashions—[illegible]

Jules Stuezzer and his fiancée, Miss Edith Adams, who "came out" two years ago, and who is seen here wearing a baroon veil. Mr. Stuezzer is a member of Chartier Company, jewelers. When the war broke out his firm hustled $40,000,000 worth of jewels into the Bank of France in two hours.

On the right sits the man who won out against the most dashing prince of Europe when he succeeded in persuading Miss Katherine Elkins to marry him, at two hours' notice to her family. He is William Hitt (Yale '01), and beside him is his wife, who for five years was never referred to in print without some mention of the Duke of the Abruzzi. On her other side is Perry Beadleston, crack polo player. They are watching a polo game at Coronado Beach.

a young man is their clothes. A woman's incentive effect; a man's by the ingenuity on the left, leading a white Russian at the right is W. C. Woodhouse.

There is no country in the world where sport plays so overwhelming a part in the life of a young society girl as in America. It gives the characteristic crown to her clothes, her figure, and her mental outlook. This is Miss Claire Haviland, playing golf at Palm Beach.

This pretty young woman, with her Teutonic-looking little sons, is Mrs. Claus Spreckles. Her husband is the grandson of Claus Spreckles, the great sugar king, who was born a Hanover peasant, and died a few years ago in San Francisco, leaving forty millions. In his lifetime he was the chief opponent of the sugar trust, which he said even put rats into his barrels. His son, the father of young Spreckles, is publisher of the San Francisco Call.

d There
lionaires

these pages:
Does Fifth Avenue Say?"

One of the porch dances at Palm Beach, at which people dance in informal costume. Some of these people are really millionaires; others have scraped together every penny they possess in order to make their appearance for a few weeks at a fashionable watering place.

of inquiry on the speaker. What did she mean? What did she know?

"It's amazing," Miss Lowther explained, "because Miss Dupont says that she had never had dancing lessons before she joined Madame Adrienne's class this winter. Now I don't believe that."

Gavock had detected the note of jealousy in his companion's tone. But the arresting note in her speech was the hint at mystery, secrecy. Did she know anything?

"But why should she not tell the truth—"

HIS question was cut short by a sudden burst of applause. Then suddenly the applause stopped. An expectant hush fell on the room.

Gavock glanced up at the musicians, wondering why they did not play. Their instruments were in position, their eyes were on their leader. She stood at the balcony rail, her bow hand resting on it, clasping her bow, her violin against her shoulder, ready. She was looking down at the dancer below, the muscles of her face taut, her eyes narrow in the intensity of her gaze.

From side to side the dancer swayed, again and again. Suddenly she began to move slowly to the right, making a strange, sweeping movement with her arms.

The Russian girl straightened herself with a start, her bow flew to her instrument, and she drew it. Behind her other bow arms moved. The result was a shrieking discord. Irma Niklova wheeled furiously. Her bow cut the air in a savage gesture of arrest. Then she turned back, drew her bow across her violin, and played alone.

Now again the dancer paused, her arms swept slowly forward and grew tense, then with a swift movement she strained them backward as though pushing something from her. Her head sank back upon her shoulders, stretching abnormally the long line from chin to bosom. Thus she began to advance as in a stately march; but by some movements of hidden muscles the brilliant draperies of her gown were kept swirling about her like wind-driven flames.

From Irma Niklova's violin haunting dissonances made up a strain that was like a dirge, wild and barbaric.

Gavock looked at Guy Amarinth. He had withdrawn somewhat to the back of the stage, where he stood forgotten and forgetful, apparently, of himself and everything save the form of the dancing girl on which his eyes were bent.

Now the stately forward advance was halted. Marie Dupont raised her head, her chin shot forward, her arms swept round upon a circle and sank crossed upon her breast. Her eyes stared out, wide and expressionless, her teeth showed in a mirthless smile. She began to execute some rapid sideward steps; her knees bent almost to a sitting posture; her feet darted out alternately from beneath her skirts.

"RUSSIAN!" One heard the hissing of the word as it passed from lip to lip. Something at last appeared familiar. There was a rustle through the audience as of relaxed tension.

Another change. The dancer rose again to her full height. Her lips closed to a thin line, her eyes narrowed to a black slit. And she began a dizzying whirl, to right, then left, in ever increasing rapidity.

The violin of the Russian followed every movement, clinging like a shadow. In the balcony the player seemed no longer to watch the dance. She was like the reflection that moved by the other's volition. Her bow swerved and trembled, faster, wilder, louder, leaping along the scale in intervals that were weird and harrowing to Western nerves. From the audience came a sound that was louder, more poignant, than a rustle. It was as though involuntarily many moved, squirming. But no sound came from any lips.

Then with the sharp explosive noise of snapping sinew the music stopped. A violin string had broken.

A woman in the audience cried out hysterically, then was a discordant shiver from the violin. Irma Niklova thrust the useless instrument upon the musician nearest her and seized his own. But she was too late. The dancer had stopped.

Marie Dupont swayed dizzily, and several people started from their seats; but Amarinth had reached her side, and she moved into his arms in dancing position. He stumbled awkwardly into step with her, and together they glided across the stage. Watching intently, Gavock saw her look up toward the music gallery from which only silence came. He too looked up there.

As once before, the white face of the Russian girl stared down uncertainly; but only for a moment. Abruptly she began to play, and at her signal the men about her swept into the melody, which Gavock recognized as the same that the applause had interrupted.

"What was it? What happened?" he asked Miss Lowther.

"I don't know," she answered with a puzzled frown. "I never saw that part before, the part she did alone, after they clapped. She and Nildova must have rehearsed it privately and Adrienne kept it for a surprise." Her lips tightened. "You must have seen much dancing in Paris. Do you think that was the work of a novice?"

Then a young man claimed Miss Lowther, and she left Gavock with a gay reminder of their supper engagement.

Left alone, he stared a moment at the curtained entrance at the back of the stage. The face of Marie Dupont seemed to float there, mocking him, as earlier in the day it had floated just beyond his reach. If only for a moment he could lose his sense of surroundings, he might pierce the veil that dangled just before his eyes, shutting out the scene of which that lovely face had made a part. It was so near that a word, a look, at any moment—

MR. GAVOCK! Do come here!" It was the voice of Mrs. Estell calling.

He saw her in a group nearby. A few steps brought him to her side.

"What is the name of that little dance place in Paris—over in Montmartre? You go up a narrow street where a cab can't go, then down some steps. Poor Dick took me there on our wedding trip to see a dancer everybody was raving about. She did that wheeling business Marie Dupont did tonight, and had a flame-colored gown that gave the same sort of effect."

"It must have been the Drowned Cat," said Tommy Nave.

"It wasn't. I know it wasn't, because I teased Dick to take me there, and he wouldn't. It was some kind of a bird—the Red Canary or the Green Swan or—"

"The Purple Pigeon!" The words were Gavock's. They were almost a shout; yet it seemed to him that someone else had spoken them.

"That's it! The Purple Pigeon!" Mrs. Estell cried. "I'm so glad you remembered. I couldn't, and it was simply driving me mad!"

"You're driving me mad!" said Tommy Nave. "Listen to that music! And we're missing it!"

He swept her away, and Gavock stood alone again, looking after the rapidly departing crowds.

"Le Pigeon Pourpre!"

The veil was rent. He had his desire. He stared vacantly, seeing the vision in his mind that the name evoked. A shudder ran over him. Why, the thing was incredible! And yet—

CHAPTER V

IN the dressing room Irma Niklova was replacing the broken string on her violin. Beside her sat Madame Adrienne.

"Well, my child, and what do you say now of this Miss Dupont?"

Irma's thin shoulders rose and fell in a weary shrug. "The first day, Madame, you said to me, 'She is a dancer,' and I answered you, 'Evidently.' Is it not so?"

Madame Adrienne nodded.

"*Eh bien!* Today I know no more than then. I say this only: Here is something we do not understand, something we do not know."

"When she says she has not danced before she lies," said Madame.

"Evidently."

"And tonight—your word of honor is it that you have not rehearsed together? That part that she has never done—"

The girl's fingers paused in their work, and she looked up. "Dear Madame, you are my friend, my one friend. Without the work you give me to do I should starve—I and the brother who is my life. Why should I deceive you?"

"But you played the music—you followed at once. It could not have been better. How was that possible?"

"Madame, listen! My father played first violin in the orchestra of the Petersburg opera. That you know. A violin was in my hand when I could not yet walk or talk. Already at seven I played for the rehearsal of the ballet. A thousand times have I played the music of 'Kaneshka.' It was from 'Kaneshka' that you made the dance for Miss Dupont, was it not?"

"You are right."

"You never danced in Petersburg, you have told me, Madame; only in Moscow and Paris. Of those cities I do not know. But in Petersburg the ensemble from which you took the steps for Miss Dupont's dance was followed always by the grand solo. A thousand times have I seen it, a thousand times played it."

Madame Adrienne nodded. "The grand solo—it was that she danced. It was not I who taught her that—It! The thought did not come to me of such a thing. The grand solo from 'Kaneshka'—*mon Dieu!* For that one begins to dance as you begin to play, my child,—in the cradle."

"When I saw what she was doing it was my fingers that followed, not my head. I could play it in my grave."

"Who is the girl?" Madame demanded. "Marie Dupont! A French name; but she says she is English. She lives in America with Americans, and she dances like a Russian."

"It is as I have said, Madame. Here is something we do not understand, something we do not know."

"Marie Dupont!" Madame repeated the name again thoughtfully. "It tells nothing."

"Nothing!" agreed Irma Niklova.

"It is as if in English one should say, 'Mary Smith.'"

CHAPTER VI

THEY'VE begun to dance! We're missing it!"

Marie Dupont sprang up and faced Guy Amarinth expectantly. They were alone in one of the Esplanade's small reception rooms, whither he had led her for a cool, quiet moment as soon as the applause that followed their dance had finally stopped.

He did not move as she stood looking down at him.

"It's a waltz, and we're missing it," she repeated.

"Well, it's mine, and I want to miss it. Sit down—please!" He drew her back to the seat beside him. "You're tired, anyway."

"Tired? I could dance forever!" She flung her arms out exultingly.

He gave a short laugh. "I thought you were going to when you left me there twiddling my thumbs. Really, I thought you might have told me you were going to spring that new part."

"New part! Why will you say that?" she exclaimed. "There was no new part. It was all exactly as we had rehearsed it—exactly!"

He shook his head. "No, I had never rehearsed the part you danced after Miss Niklova stopped the orchestra and played alone. Why, I'd never even seen it."

"Of course you had. Why will you keep saying that? You've simply forgotten it, that's all. Miss Niklova told me she was going to play alone because the orchestra got the time all wrong. That was the only change."

"Oh, all right," he conceded. "I must have dreamed it, I guess. I'm always dreaming about you anyway. Wish I could make you dream a little about me, Marie."

She started up again, and again he held her back.

"I'm not going to let you run away this time. You've got to listen to me tonight! I can't go on like this. I want my answer. Do you love me or don't you?" His tone was determined; but his eyes watched her face anxiously.

She answered reluctantly, her gaze on his hand which covered her own. "I don't know."

"But you must know! Why, you—let me kiss you once!"

"It isn't fair to remind me of that. You promised to forget it."

He laughed shortly. "How could I forget it when it was the one bit of hope you've ever given me? I was half mad with happiness that night—and the next day. The next day—what do you suppose I did?"

She looked up wonderingly. He gazed back, grimly silent.

"What did you do?" she asked at last.

"Oh, nothing much: just got a marriage license."

"Guy!"

"Well, I said I was crazy! For weeks you'd been holding me off—"

"I didn't promise anything," she interrupted in a low voice.

"No; but you'd said once that you didn't believe you would ever marry unless you were to do it on the spur of the moment, unless the man just happened to strike you at the psychological instant."

"I didn't mean that literally—you might have known I didn't!" she protested. "And yet—I don't know—perhaps I did."

She turned away from him, and her dark eyes narrowed thoughtfully. He waited.

"To go away—alone with the man you love—just the two of you—and be married with no fuss and feathers, no mob of people that you don't care for and that don't care for you—to be married quietly—no one to know until—afterward!"

She paused, and there was again silence between them. Suddenly, as though the undercurrents of their moods had met, his arm slipped round her, and she yielded to its pressure. Her head dropped to his shoulder, and lips reached for lips.

IT was a long kiss. A swell of distant melody, far-away voices that laughed, stole into the silence of the little room, unnoted.

"Marry me tonight!" he whispered.

"Tonight?"

"Why not? We'll go away now, just you and I, as you said, without any fuss or any people. I've got the license."

"Here?"

"No; at my rooms. Listen! We can slip away—it's early." He looked at his watch. "Just eleven. We'll get a taxi, stop at my rooms a moment, then find a minister—"

"What minister?"

"Anyone—yours."

"He'd ask questions."

"Well, there's the one that married Ned Jessup and Grace Eustis. He doesn't know us, and he's near. We can do it and be back in half an hour."

He watched her eagerly. She did not meet his glance. She bit her lip nervously.

"I wonder what Aunt Alicia would say—and Hugh?"

"They wouldn't care," he urged. "They know me. They wouldn't object if we told them, would they?"

"No."

"Marie, if you love me, you'll do it!"

"I do love you!" she said, turning troubled eyes to his.

"Then you will?"

He caught her in his arms again and tried to draw her face to his; but she pressed her hands against his shoulders, keeping herself at arm's length.

"Do you really love me?" she asked.

"Yes."

"More than anything else in the world?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if you really do?"

"Don't wonder, Dear; believe it!" His voice was very tender, very earnest.

A minute more she searched his face. It

Continued on page 19

She Makes Blue Ribbon Bread

MRS. J. R. KIERNAN of New York carried off the blue ribbon in the bread-making contest recently held by the Housewives' League. For lightness of grain combined with lightness, for sweetness of flavor, and for regularity of shape, the proof of a well moderated oven, her loaves were easily first.

Yet the prize winner isn't above admitting that there is an element of uncertainty in this, as in other creative enterprises. The visitor to her shining kitchen carries away an impression of delightful recklessness. Her "cups" of milk and sugar spill themselves over in quite an irresponsible way, and it seems as if her bread rises with corresponding abandon.

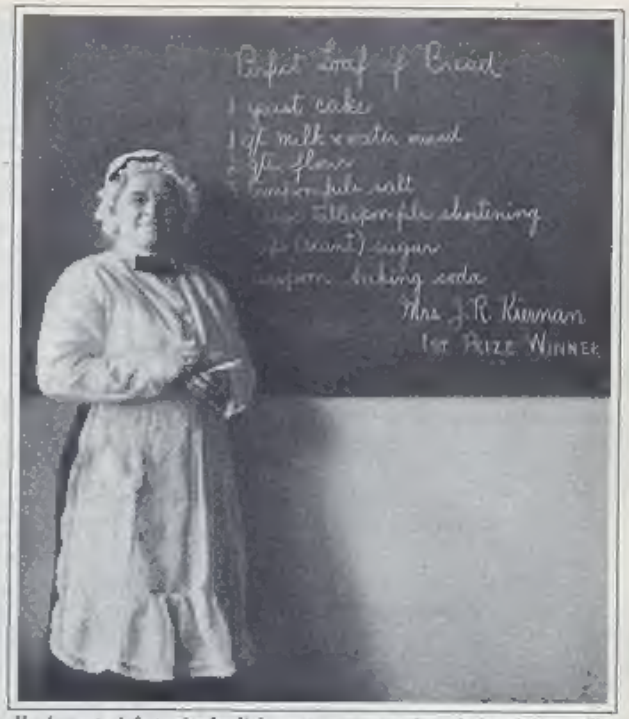
The prize winner is just an everyday home maker, she tells you, and the winning loaves were made quite matter-of-factly for the family table. But word came of the contest at the league, of which Mrs. Kiernan is an enthusiastic member; so she sent them down.

Her Bread Has Personal Charm

WHAT attracted the laywoman to the table where the loaves reposed in state was their extraordinary personal charm. They were round, for one thing. Mrs. Kiernan kneads her dough into two balls, and puts them to loaf the night side by side in a warm, well covered tin (you must have all your ingredients and utensils the same temperature in bread making, you know), and they come out in the morning Siamese twins of crisp, fragrant, brown lightness.

The winner of the muffin prize, Miss May Spinney, is a person of responsibility; for she cooks for Katherine B. Davis, Commissioner of Corrections. It is reassuring to hear that; for even a commissioner's health and spirits depend very much on the fuel she receives three times a day. Queen Alexandra said goodbye to her chef when he left for the front with tears and a gold cigarette case. Dr. Davis is both fortunate and wise in having a cook who will never leave her to go into the business of killing.

Says Mrs. Julian Heath, president of the Housewives' League, "The contest did far more than merely produce perfect loaves of bread. It opened up a whole new field of inquiry and knowledge. Good bread means good flour. So the women learned about flour, its manufacture, and where it comes from. The careful, thoughtful making of a single loaf of bread means a deeper interest in agriculture, economics, and finally sociology and even politics."



Her loaves took first prize for lightness, sweetness, and regularity of shape. She had baked them for her family, who persuaded her to enter them in the contest.

Death in the Ice Crevasses

In the frozen wilderness south of Australia, where Ninnis lost his life.

SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON lived to tell the tale. For two years he and his brave party pushed their way across frozen areas into the unexplored regions that lie south of Australia. They found new lands, and added much to the geographical and scientific knowledge of the region, all of which is set forth in Sir Douglas' new book, "The Home of the Blizzard" (J. B. Lippincott Co.).

But the knowledge was not gained without great cost. Two of the party were left in the ice regions; one of them, Lieutenant Ninnis, at the bottom of an ice crevasse. How deep that crevasse may be no man knows; for no sound came out of it to tell of the destruction of Ninnis and his dogs. It opened silently, and in one single instant man and sledge had disappeared together. Sir Douglas describes the disappearance of Ninnis, who was traveling directly behind him.

"I next looked back in reply to the anxious gaze of Dr. Mertz, who had halted in his tracks in an attitude suggesting that something was amiss. Nothing met my eye but a single sledge track running back into the distance. I was alone! Where were Ninnis and his dogs and sledge?

"Leaving my sledge, I hastened back along the track, thinking that possibly a rise in the ground curtailed the view. There was no such good fortune, however; for soon I was horrified to meet a gaping hole in the surface about eleven feet in diameter. The lid of the crevasse had broken in! Two sledge tracks led up to it on the far side; only one continued beyond. How was it that I had escaped? The only explanation appeared to lie in the fact that Ninnis had walked by the side of his sledge; whereas just before reaching the crevasse I had jumped on mine. The weight of a man's body bearing on the area of his foot is a formidable load, and no doubt Ninnis thus broke through the arch of the roof.

Hopeless Search for Ninnis

FRANTICALLY waving to Mertz to bring up my sledge, upon which was some Alpine rope, I leaned over and shouted into the dark depths below. No sound came back except the moaning of a dog caught on a shelf just visible 150 feet down. The poor animal had a broken back, and was attempting to sit up with the front part of its body, while the hinder portion lay limp. Another dog was by its side, apparently quite dead. We took turns about leaning over the edge on a rope, calling into the darkness, in the hope that our companion might be still alive. For three hours we called unceasingly, but no answering sound came back."

So died Lieutenant Ninnis, one of the army of heroes who have counted life as a little thing to give in exchange for any increase in the knowledge of truth.

A Convict for Life; but—

EXACTLY how much money Louis Victor Eytinge is making each year no one but Eytinge knows. He is serving a life term for murder in prison at Florence, Arizona.

Before his present sentence began he was a forger. It was not until the prison gate had closed behind him forever that he earned an honest dollar.

He is making honest money now in prison.

They told him in the prison that he was dying of consumption. Unless the lean prison fare could be supplemented by rich milk and eggs there seemed little hope for him. Milk and eggs cost money, and forgery, thereby trade he knew, was useless in a penitentiary.

One day he noticed some of his fellow prisoners making hatbands and belts of horsehair, to be sold through the bars to visitors. This gave him an idea. He wrote to curio dealers, offering to sell them souvenirs; and they replied, agreeing to handle the goods. His letters had that instinctive touch that marks the born advertising writer. Some of those to whom he wrote recognized the gift, and were quick to urge him to develop it. Within a year Eytinge was doing work for more than one large firm,—rewriting their mail-order letters and catalogues, and spreading out gradually into the various forms of advertising writing.

Interest in Eytinge grew, and his own interest, half deadened by long repression, awoke to new life. He is counted now one of the unusually successful mail-order experts of the West.

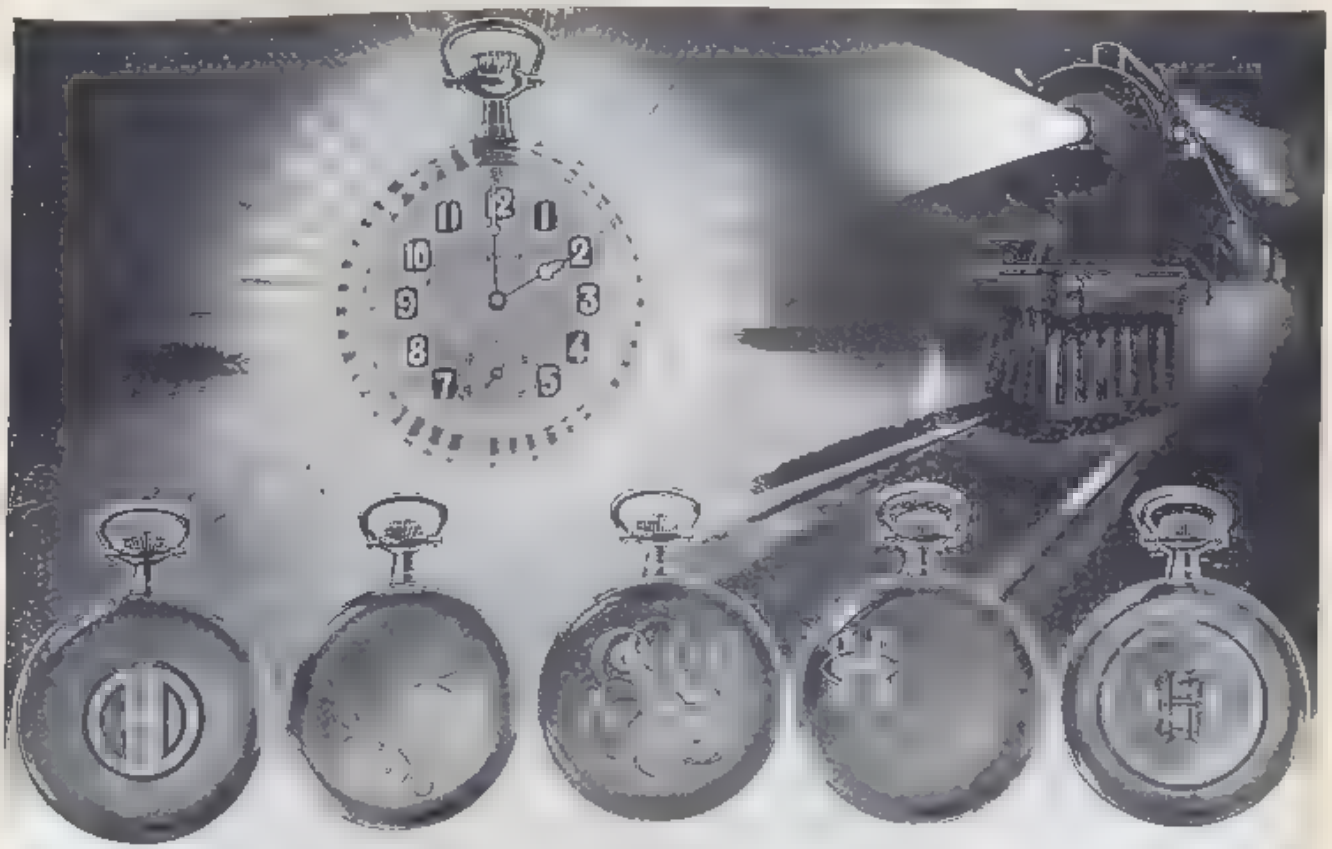
Extracting splinters of steel from a man's eye by means of an electromagnet. Surgeons are now using the electromagnet in place of a probe for extracting steel splinters from wounds. The advantage is that it takes out all the metal, no matter how small the particles, and that there is no additional laceration.

This Complete Library of
LAW
IN 6 HANDY VOLUMES
Only 75c a Month

"Ignorance of the law excuses no man"

THAT'S LAW. You can't always quote the law. You may not have time to "study" law. Lawyers charge high—especially some of them. But [illegible] of LAW

[illegible] LAW [illegible] LAW [illegible] LAW [



The Newest Triumphs of the Master Goldsmiths

Dials that shine at night—

with which you can tell time in pitch darkness. The newest discovery. All the latest designs in watch cases 1/20 are yours to choose from on this special offer. Write today for our new watch book and see handsome illustrations of the genuine. The latest products of the craft. Exquisitely beautiful. Your choice of handsome illustrations of the superb gold strata case—guaranteed for 25 years. Your choice of ***Inlay Enamel*** handsomely engraved or the superb gold strata case—guaranteed for 25 years. Your choice of ***Inlay Enamel*** handsomely engraved ***Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French Art, Dragon Designs.*** Open face or hunting ***Monograms, Block and Ribbon Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French Art, Dragon Designs.*** Open face or hunting cases. Ladies' or gents' sizes—12 and 16 sizes. A watch to suit every taste. At the rock bottom price.

*The masterpiece of watch manufacture. 19 jewels—**adjusted** to position—**adjusted** to temperature—**adjusted** to isochronism—**adjusted** to five positions—**adjusted** to heat and cold. Open face or hunting case, ladies' or gentlemen's sizes.*

19 Jewel Burlington The Master Timepiece $2.50 a Month

For reasons explained in our ad we (special trade reasons) will at first now get direct the Superb Burlington Watch at the rock-bottom price—to acquaint you with even the wholesale jeweler must go—and in order to demonstrate everybody to see and wear the watch at once purchasers may use this rock-bottom price offer for this watch at $2.50 a month. Just think of this great special offer! We send the watch for approval, prepaid.

Sent—No Money Down—Prepaid

Remember the highest grade watch direct for special reduction now at the same price that [illegible] Send Coupon For Our New Free Book on Watches

Send for Our Latest Catalog

Sent on request free. Illustrates all the newest up-to-date designs and tells the story of the Burlington offered into direct.

Where the Burlington Special has been introduced [illegible] Ask any railroad man what the initials of the Burlington Special Train mean to railroad men. It means "The Best on Earth." Just as the Burlington Special is the finest train on earth, so the Burlington Watch is the finest watch that can be produced. The Burlington Watch is sold direct to you at the rock-bottom price. Write for our free catalog. Our splendid factories look like palaces of art. Write for our free catalog. Our splendid factories look like palaces of art. Write for our free catalog. Our splendid factories look like palaces of art

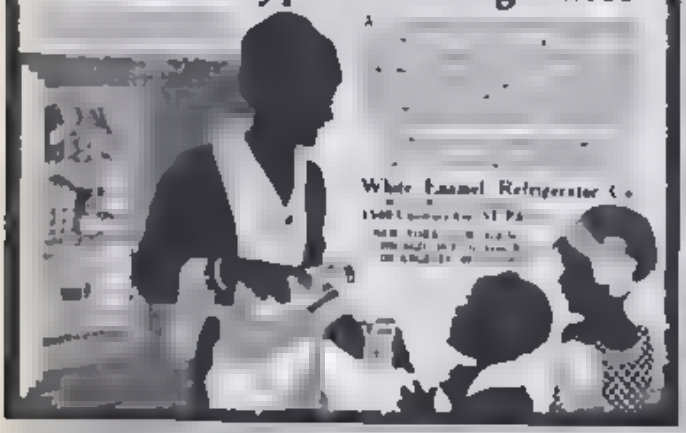
Can You Prepare an Especially Good Cold Food?

NO matter what it may be — an ice, a beverage, a salad — any delicacy which requires a refrigerator for its protection or preparation—one little recipe may win you a BOHN Refrigerator or one of the many other valuable prizes we will award

Enter Our Novel Recipe Contest Without Delay

[illegible] next month. Ask your dealer or write us direct for

BOHN Syphon Refrigerator



White Enamel Refrigerator Co.

[illegible]

"I'm Losing My Memory—"

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D

Each week Dr Bowers will write a brief answer to the most interesting question received Next week "Prunes vs. Pill

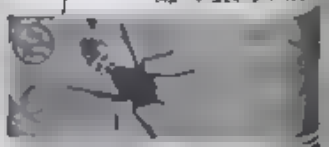
A SUBSCRIBER who is diab[illegible] is losing his [illegible]

What a Million Mothers Avoid

TANGLEFOOT

The [illegible]

THE [illegible]



OLD MONEY WANTED

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS EARN [illegible]

UNITARIANISM

Fish Bite [illegible]

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

in the

ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES and EVERY WEEK

[illegible]

MADISON AVENUE [illegible] NEW YORK

or NORTH WABASH AVENUE [illegible] CHICAGO

[illegible]

PAY AS YOU USE

Kalamazoo Cabinets and Tables 6% up Direct From Factory

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

[illegible]

FREE Color Printed BOOK

IF YOU ARE HARD TO FIT

Send today for our Fashion Book Showing over 300 Styles of Fashionable Apparel

STOUT FIGURES

[illegible]

LaneBryant [illegible] New York

OLD COINS WANTED—

[illegible]

105 Years Old Still Preaching

[illegible] no one has ever figured how many or

[illegible] these twenty-five (if twenty-five there be) is M

people for

[illegible] typica[illegible]

[illegible] ual, accounting on good de

[illegible] July 18 [illegible]

This finishes

The Heart Cure at Banning Farms

Here's
a man will tell you
that

Coca-Cola

has the call

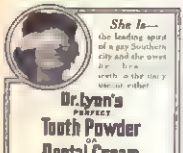
The standby of the thirsty—the delight of the hot and tired—the treat for the multitude.

Delicious and Refreshing

Demand the genuine
—and make sure you
get it.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

ATLANTA, GA.



She Is—
the leading sport of a gay Southern city and she owes her beauty to the fact that she uses neither

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

You can depend upon the auto-efficient preparation of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. Sold between the Nations.

...ask for Free Tooth Brush Coupon in each package.

Houses Shot from Guns

...Cream

Here ends this instalment of

Who Was Marie Dupont?

Freeman's
Face
Powder

25c
Write for Sample

Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 58 Cincinnati, O.

Freckles

STILLMAN'S

Wonder That It Fa...

PATENTS

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
BOOKS and ADVICE FREE

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

A Fortune to the Inventor

A Million Corns
Went Last Month

Last month, a million corns were ended in this easy, simple way. And every month a million more go like them.

To [illegible] a little **Blue-jay** plaster [illegible] at once the corn pain ended there.

Then [illegible] the 3 & B [illegible] the corn [illegible] and a corner [illegible] or some [illegible] corns regain [illegible]

Thus [illegible] seldom necessary [illegible] a corn [illegible] A few [illegible] treatments [illegible] your needs [illegible]

If you don't do this, in all probability, those corns will stay for years.

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

15 and 25 centers at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Little Things You Ought to Know

[illegible] Husks of the Prodi[illegible]

Save $44

Terms $4 Per Month

FREE Trial Offer

No Money Down—Life Guarantee

20,000 Bought This Way

D[illegible]

FREE TRIAL OFFER Convince Yourself at Home

[illegible]

Get Our Amazing Plan Send Coupon NOW

[illegible]

Save One-Half

[illegible]

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 IRE N Michigan Boulevard Chicago

Genuine Oliver Typewriter with the Famous Oliver Features

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 IRE N Michigan Blvd Chicago

Gentlemen: [illegible]

Name

Address

"DON'T SHOUT"

With the MORLEY PHONE

DEAF

THE MORLEY CO Dept 784 Perry Bldg Phila

[illegible]

PERFECT Leg Forms

PERFECT BALANCE [illegible]

[illegible]

Just Jokes

What's [illegible] Both

[illegible]

Parson: If I get one [illegible] to smile, I get the other

[illegible]

[illegible] Wrong Cat

[illegible]

[illegible] in a high state of irritation, [illegible] strike profane in his conversation [illegible] A waverly plush [illegible] cause the dust to withstand.

Stopping a Panic

GEORGE GROSSMITH was once singing the Lord Chancellor's song in "Iolanthe" [illegible]

Peregrinth's First Nurse

[illegible] RINGLING eldest of [illegible] brothers of circus ownership

[illegible] found out that [illegible] to get enough [illegible] So he [illegible] the horse tent. [illegible] day, when the sideshow opened [illegible] [illegible] have [illegible] This [illegible] [illegible] grand opera [illegible] audience rescinded their seats.

Get These Impsy Ink-Bottles Today

Make a place on your desk for them and they'll find a place in your affections, for Mr. and Mrs. Impsy are the happiest, cheerest married couple in all fashion. You can keep them happy—giving them

Carter Inx

[illegible]

THE CARTER [illegible] CO
New York

Carter [illegible]
Name

ADVERTISING RATES FOR
Every Week
AND
The Associated Sunday Magazines
COMBINATION RATE

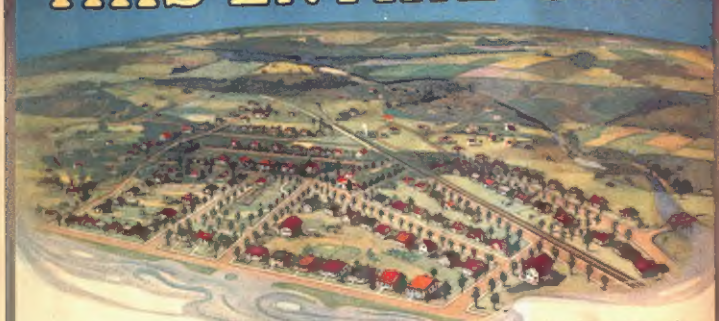
[illegible]

Every Week
RATE

For Advertising Rates apply to
Every Week Corporation
AND
The Associated Sunday Maga[illegible]

MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
[illegible] NORTH WABASH AVENUE CHI

ALADDIN BUILDS THIS ENTIRE CITY



Almost By Magic

THE great ALADDIN organization was called on to *build a city in sixty days.* Most urgent was the necessity for quick action. A large industrial project demanded a new city—complete—to be created in a practical wilderness, at the source of its raw material. ALADDIN was called in, took the job *and finished it fifteen days ahead of schedule.* Hopewell, Virginia, stands as a monument to ALADDIN'S unlimited capacity—a city of two thousand population. And, whether it be an entire city, or a single little four room cottage, ALADDIN'S Golden Rule Service never fails to bring satisfaction and happiness out of each transaction.

Heres The Catalog Coupon

Don't You Want To Know How Aladdin Golden Rule Service Helps Make Happy Homes?

Probably the most interesting *practical* story ever told about home building is to be found in the ALADDIN book of homes, and homes they are, for every one is a photograph of a real home—an ALADDIN home—and every one has filled the hearts of some American family with satisfaction, comfort and joy. This book has pointed the way to fuller homes than had been hoped for with the savings gathered together—and has helped to bring all the home comforts sooner than had been expected. Let us send you this Dollar-a-Knot Quality book.

What You Get

ALADDIN houses are *complete.* You get material absolutely guaranteed to be sufficient for the completion of your house, as follows: sills, cut to fit, all sawing; cut to fit; joists, cut to fit; studding, cut to fit; building paper; floors, cut to fit; porch columns, balusters rail; flooring and frieze-work, cut to fit; flooring, cut to fit; bath and pantry or kitchen board; inside finish, doors, casings, mantels, windows, sash, glass, nails of all sizes, locks, hinges, tin for roofings, paints, oils, varnishes, stains and shellac, with complete drawings, illustrations and instructions for erection. The Complete Aladdin Catalog shows all these items and many more beautiful homes. The big Aladdin catalog is full of interesting facts.

This House $797.00

PATENTS

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A Fortune to the Inventor

SCOTT A. DOYLE, Dept. 9, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO.

Mills in Michigan, Florida Louisiana, Oregon Canadian Mills, Toronto Ottawa, Vancouver

"Home Builders to a Nation"

634 Aladdin Av. [illegible] CITY, MICH.

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Every Week

3¢

EVERY WEEK CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 63 EAST 10TH ST., NEW YORK.

Vol. 1 No. 3 *May 17, 1915*

The Heart Cure at Banning Farms

A Pair of
Good Socks, 15c

Oh, yes, it is quite possible. There is no reason why good socks should not be had for the price of a collar.

Invest three nickels in a pair of No. 1650 Ipswich Socks, and you will learn that this is true.

You also will learn that SOFT KNIT

№ 1650
IPSWICH 15¢ SOCKS
Guaranteed

are surprisingly comfortable — easy and cushiony; also that this cushiony weave doesn't cut or break through as quickly as harsh, hard-knit socks — it yields and gives and wears long.

Good looking, too — made from the best of cotton, with reinforced heel and toes. But the rubber-and-comfort-garter you will like best, unless it be the saving of half your sock bill.

If your dealer can't supply No. 1650 Ipswich Socks, send $1.80 for 12 pairs (or $.90 for 6 pairs), stating color (We make mercerized socks, too, if you prefer them) and size, and name of dealer.

If Ipswich Socks fail to give satisfaction in good service, return them to us with name of dealer, and we will replace them or refund your money, as you prefer.

IPSWICH MILLS
Established 1822
17 County St., Ipswich, Mass.

IPSWICH
TRADE MARK

Hires
For a Un-Corking good time take home a case of
Hires
At Fountains or in Bottles at Grocers, Fruit Stands, etc.

Social Engraving
in Fashion's latest approved styles
Wedding Invitations, Monogram Announcements, Church, At Home and Calling Cards

WRITING PAPERS
in exclusive sizes and tints. An added charm if your paper is also stamped.
SPECIAL OFFER
As an extra special inducement, we engrave 50 cards in script for $1.25. Copper plate engraving. Send for sample sheet of writing papers and other novelties. If you want

1923 models of one of the above may be sold

HOSKINS ENGRAVERS, STATIONERS, PRINTERS

One Minute with the Editor

"The Conspiracy" Is the Title

A HOUSE party, a half-dozen pretty girls, a gentleman burglar, a midnight alarm,—there you have the stage setting for "The Conspiracy," next week's leading story, by Justus Miles Forman.

You know that old proverb, "In the land of *promise* a man may die of hunger." We don't know just where that land of promise is; but we've always suspected that it is the glorious land of "our next number," toward which editors are forever waving their patient readers.

For ourselves, we make no promises; but we should like to draw your attention to the fact that this week's leading story is by Meredith Nicholson, and next week's by Justus Miles Forman. If you choose to construe that as a promise that the fiction in this magazine will be well worth reading every week, far be it from us to dissuade you.

What Shall We Say to This Boy?

This youngster Worth While pictures submitted in response to our call for interesting photographs

WHY he should have put his problem up to us is a mystery; but he did. Here is his letter:

> I am employed by a manufacturer whose product has recently been denounced by a scientific journal as being very harmful. My employer does not ask me personally to do anything dishonorable; but that does not satisfy me. Do you think I am justified in continuing to work for a concern whose business I cannot respect?

We have passed the letter on to our good friend the Rev. A. T. Lloyd, D. D., to whom a thousand worried men and women have brought their problems in the past. If his answer is received in time, it will be published next week.

Successful Women

THERE aren't so many women who own and conduct large businesses; in fact, Edward Mott Woolley, to whom we submitted the problem, succeeded in finding only about half a dozen. Each one of these captains — or should we say captainesses? — of industry is intensely interesting. You'll read their stories next week.

Remember—$3

FOR every picture of an Interesting Person,—not a *famous* person—an *interesting* one, remember,—for photographs of unusual events, new inventions, or curious happenings, we will pay $3, and regular magazine rates for the descriptive text.

This is a magazine of human interest. Send us such bits of human interest as the camera can catch.

A Big Thought for the Week

THE LOVE OF A WOMAN

By Steen Vanwyck

THE love of a woman is the best thing that can come to a man soul. It is religion, in a form suited for universal consumption. It is religion, fortressed in the primal instincts.

It makes him loyal, brave, tender, and high-souled. No man works so well as when he works for a woman's sake.

It is the woman that makes his fighting fine, his work good. Without her he struggles as a beast; for her he contends as a knight.

His respect for her has more ethical force than his own self-respect.

That his love for her is rooted in the flesh need not make him think the less of it; for all the high spiritualities rest on the ground; they do not float in the air.

The lily springs from the muck; the mother of the rose is the black earth. Out of the dark decays of life grow its delicate creations.

So the magic wand of True Love touches the fierce potencies of sex, and all the flames of flesh rise into the divinest dynamic.

If you have found the One Woman, cling to her, for better or for worse. Who knows? Through her eyes you may climb up to God.

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Volume 1 Number 3

Every Week

May 17, 1915

Made-in-America Babies

THERE are good men and true in the medical profession and in our pulpits today who believe with Martin Luther that "If a woman die from bearing, let her die; for that was she created."

But the newly formed Twilight Sleep Association, composed for the most part of mothers whose children have been born under the new method, thinks otherwise. About three thousand American mothers have now had children without the traditional accompaniments of fear or pain. Pain is losing its old prestige as a builder of character. It has been proved not only disagreeable, but dangerous and destructive. The Twilight Sleep mother, who suffers none of the shock that usually accompanies childbirth, is up the second day, and going about the fourth.

The association's honorary president, Mrs. C. Temple Dixon, herself the mother of three fine Twilight Sleep children, says, "We exist for the purpose of keeping the method in the hospitals, where it has been so successfully tried out, and of eventually founding a hospital where the method may be learned by physicians. The fact that this will involve extra equipment and additions to nursing and medical staffs does not weigh with us. Men physicians have too long shown beautiful patience about the suffering of the mothers under their care. The poets may now cease celebrating our bravery when we 'go down into the Valley.' We have the memory of our own mothers' needless agony to strengthen us, so we cannot lose heart in this fight to preserve and extend the use of Twilight Sleep."

These babies were all born in New York hospitals under Twilight Sleep. They were one of the most popular exhibits in the show given by the Twilight Sleep Association. Nearby were some very similar babies "Made in Germany."

Sleep in Your Motorcar

IT is an easy matter to arrange an automobile so that the owners can sleep in it when touring or making trips lasting over night. A slat mattress makes sweet dreams possible in a rural-road Pullman. Between two thicknesses of canvas the size of the car bed tack a number of thin strips of tough wood, about an inch apart. This forms a rigid, flat surface to spread over the backs of the car seats. A notch should be cut in the lower left-hand corner so that the slat mattress will fit snugly about the steering wheel, holding it solidly in position. Over this spread blankets and place pillows.

A "bedroom" for children may be made in the space in the back seat immediately under the mattress. This is the "lower berth." When traveling the slat mattress may be rolled up and tied on the running board at the side of the car.

Hunting Boa Constrictors in Brazil

TO be deliriously ill of malaria 800 miles from a city and 700 from the nearest white man was Ferdinand Bartels' experience in Brazil last winter. Bartels' brother is an animal importer, and needed a new supply of parrots, pythons, marmosets, and any rare beast or bird. So he sailed for Bahia, Brazil, on February 6, and has returned with his menagerie only lately.

From Bahia he traveled two days on a railroad—or rather a steam-dragged cart with a rough bench down the center. Then for a week, with two packmules, and eight negroes in charge of an interpreter, he struck inland, canoeing and tramping.

He finally reached the negro village of Miawerina. On the edge of country still unexplored 500 baked clay huts form a settlement, where occasional hunters and rubber growers are the only white visitors.

To fulfil Bartels' orders, fifty negroes started out every morning at four o'clock under the direction of the chief, Warsema, to ransack the jungle for boa constrictors, monkeys, and parrots. The parrots are easily captured, as they sit in long rows on the branches of a tree, and a chain can be slipped round their feet.

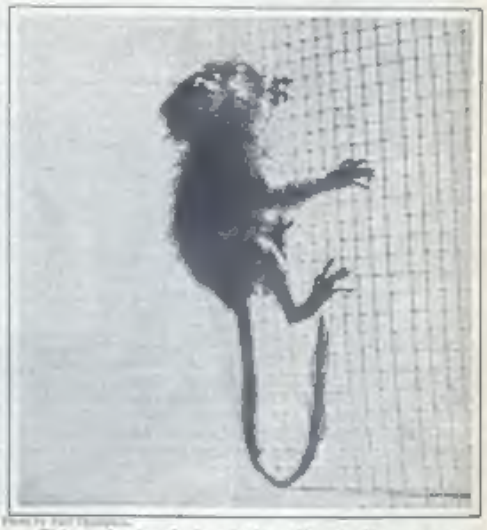
A trap is built for the monkeys, with a raised gate. Bananas are thrown inside, the monkeys immediately run in, and the gate is dropped.

It was a very good season to get the boa constrictors; for they were shedding their coats. As they lie coiled in the sun-baked mud, the old skin drawn over their heads blinds them, so that they cannot escape the nets with which the negroes hunt them, or make any attack. Bartels has been bitten only once by a boa constrictor, and that was in the New York shop, removing one with a decayed tooth from its box.

Bartels himself spent the first two days fishing for water constrictors. The negroes built a corral in the shallows, threw in dead fowl, and when the alligators grew unendurable grappled for whatever might have come there for a feast.

In spite of all his precautions to have the water boiled, the malaria captured Bartels on the third day, when he was planning a hunt for pumas. Living in the hut of a native family, who fed him quinine farina baked into bread, and cocoanut milk, he lay delirious on a grass-mattressed cot, protected from the scorpions and tonnites only by mosquito netting.

Bartels expects to go to South America again this season, possibly to hunt jaguars. He has already been to Europe five times since the war began, in search of canaries.



This monkey is only three inches tall, and will never grow any taller. It is called a pocket monkey, and is one of eighteen that Explorer Bartels brought back from Brazil.